

THE
LINCOLN'S-INN 'SQUIRE;
OR THE
PROTESTANT turn'd PAPIST.
A NEW
BALLAD.

To the Tune of, *The King and the Abbot of Canterbury.*



L O N D O N :

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To the Tune of, *The King and the Abbot of Canterbury.*



'LL tell you a Story, a Story anon,
 It is not of the *King*, but of one 'Squire *John*,
 Who happen'd to feel in his *Conscience* a *Prick*,
 Which made him against *Mother-Church* for
 to kick.

Derry down, down, &c.

This News, when it's told, will surprize all Mankind,
 That One who's ally'd to — — — should find
 An *uneasy Conscience*, since it is well known
 Brother *B--* never had any *one* of his own.

Derry down, down, &c.

In a * Statute of *James* the First, King of *Great-Britain*,
Whoever shall read it, will find there 'tis written,
If a *Protestant* Subject (*and not without Reason*)
Turns *Papist*, he shall be judg'd guilty of *Treason*.
Derry down, down, &c.

If this Law be enforc'd, as who knows but it may,
And a Tryal be fix'd for a very *short* Day;
Then *shortly* Work *SHORTER* may be for a *Roper*,
Not disadvantageous to *Cordwinder Hooper*.
Derry down, down, &c.

With the *Lincolns's-Inn* 'SQUIRE begin first of all,
Most People have heard, but few pity his Fall;
So great is the Grief of his dear loving Sister,
That she may *miscarry*, if none do assist her.
Derry down, down, &c.

When first the bad Tidings were brought to this Lady,
She bore it with Courage, and only said, *Hey-day!*
But when she maturely consider'd the Matter,
It pierc'd her poor Heart, like an Arrow shot at her.
Derry down, down, &c.

Such Things done in *Teague-land*, might make me by chance
Think the *Irish-French* Officers led up the Dance;
Thus artfully leaving the King in the Lurch,
By raising Recruits for the *Militant Church*.
Derry down, down, &c.

But *here* Priests for Doctors do cunningly pass,
And lying *perdu*, catch up many an *Ass*;
We plainly do see 'twas the 'Squire's Mishap,
To be taken at last in a *Jesuite's* Trap.
Derry down, down, &c.

Let us have due Regard for our old *English Laws*,
Made to guard and protect the good *Protestant Cause*:
To invade our *Religion* is surely a Sign
Her Foes will our *Liberty* next undermine.
Derry down, down, &c.

* The Reader is desired to excuse our deviating from the Sense of the Statute;
this being conformable to the Author's Sentiments.

This fatal *Catastrophe* now to prevent,
Ought to be ev'ry loyal good Subject's Intent;
We therefore desire, that in his next *Charge*
Sir John will take pains on this Head to enlarge.

Derry down, down, &c.

That he will recommend, as a Remedy sure,
To put ev'ry Law against *Papists* in ure;
To present all *Recusants* of each Rank and Station,
And not suffer one to be *screen'd* in the Nation.

Derry down, down, &c.

Oh! had you but seen how the 'Squire did behave,
When a certain *Great Man* did begin for to rave!
He took him to task, and went roundly to work,
As if he had been either *Jew* or a *Turk*.

Derry down, down, &c.

'Tis said, too much Learning has made some Folks mad,
But, *quoth he*, as that is not thy Case, I am glad:
However I see thou art grown a mere Fool,
By being to *Popery* a biggotted Tool.

Derry down, down, &c.

For who but a Fool would have quitted a Place,
Worth annually *four hundred Pounds*, and *disgrace*
Both ME and *My Family*; what can you do
To make U s amends? O! the Day I shall rue.

Derry down, down, &c.

Brother *Isaac* was once mad as any *March Hare*,
But I soon brought him home with a *Flea in his Ear*;
He's grown a *New Man*, and does mourn for his Crime,
Take Example by him, and *recant* too in time.

Derry down, down, &c.

Who e'er was at *London*, must know a *Great Man*
Has done for Relations as much as he can;
Who Places of Profit and Honour inherit,
Devoid of that *musty old Thing* some call MERIT.

Derry down, down, &c.

B

There

There has been a Time when that *out-of-Vogue* Word
Was sufficient to make the Possessor a *Lord*;
Such Actions the *Glory* enhance of the Donor,
Reflecting her Rays on the *Fountain of Honour*.

Derry down, down, &c.

Tho' Honours change Manners and Principles too,
The whole, for a poor *insignificant* few,
Should not be condemn'd; 'tis on *Justice* a *Rape*,
But he that hath *Wealth* may find means to *escape*.

Derry down, down, &c.

Since nothing is new that is under the Sun,
The same things that have been, again may be done;
And Time, slow revolving, bring Matters about,
That some may *get in*, and some others *get out*.

Derry down, down, &c.

You will tell me, perhaps, if all Men were rewarded
According to *Merit*, some must be *discarded*;
I own there's no *Pack* but wherein there are *Knaves*,
Yet turn 'em all out, and don't do things by halves.

Derry down, down, &c.

Let those that deserve it, be punish'd by *Law*,
If without *Innuendo's* you find any *Flaw*;
Send some to the *Scaffold*, the properest Place,
To *Tyburn* send others, the Gallows to grace.

Derry down, down, &c.

A *Tower-hill* Wind, and a *Paddington* Air,
Axe and *Halter* assisting, like *Death*, none do spare;
For those four together will bear well a *Bob*,
And you need not to doubt but they'll soon do the *Jobb*.

Derry down, down, &c.

Obey my Commands, if you value my Favour,
And as for your *Mother-Church* presently leave her:
Play the *Politick* Part, *seem* to do so at least,
And I will endeavour to have you replac'd.

Derry down, down, &c.
To

To this, in a sober-like manner, the 'Squire
Reply'd, without shewing the least Spark of *Ire*,
Tho' *Learning* may make People *mad*, yet I say,
'Tis a *Path* you ne'er trod, it is out of *your way*.

Derry down, down, &c.

Too long, I acknowledge, I have been a *Fool*,
And often, like others, *your bigotted Tool*:
But as for *Disgrace*, let it now be forgot,
There's a Reason, I know, why you value it not.

Derry down, down, &c.

Brother *Isaac's Example* I never will follow,
With a *Hoop* I may come, but not go with a *Hallo*
And as to *recant* and *repent*, prithee shew it,
You may, but I have not, Occasion to do it.

Derry down, down, &c.

You Threats or your Bribes shall not with me prevail,
On my good *Mother-Church* I'll ne'er turn my Tail;
The World might with Justice esteem me a *Widgeon*,
To make *Ducks and Drakes* of our holy Religion.

Derry down, down, &c.

In *Politicks* you may, perhaps, be mistaken,
I fear, *in good time*, they will not save your Bacon;
Tho' in *Power* you're great, yet therein you are *rash*,
And I pity the Man who falls under your *Lash*.

Derry down, down, &c.

I think that I have not omitted one Point,
Or a Syllable wilfully put out of joint;
Convince me of Error, you quickly shall find
My Faults to amend I am always inclin'd.



F I N I S.



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and wondering how you are getting on.
I hope you are well and happy.

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W. A. W.

